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# TEMPEST:

OR, THE

## *Terrors of Death.*

A

POEM in BLANK VERSE.

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By JAMES RALPH.

---

*But have I now seen Death? Is this the Way  
I must return to native Dust? O Sight  
Of Terror, foul and ugly to behold,  
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!*

MILTON.

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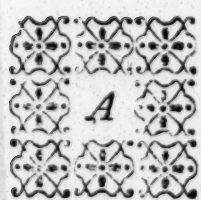


To the Right Honourable

Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*,

Chancellor of the *Exchequer*, and  
*Knight* of the most noble Order  
of the *Garter*.

SIR,

 *S 'tis impossible, even for the greatest  
Merit, to ensure a favourable Ac-  
ceptance from the World, unless re-  
commended by some illustrious Pa-  
tronage, I have ventur'd with all imaginable  
Respect to throw my unprotected Labours at Your  
Feet ; hoping, if You can find Leisure amidst  
those important Affairs in which You are every  
Day engaged for the Honour and Glory of the  
Best*

*Best of Kings, the Good of Your Country, of Europe, and of Mankind, to cast one favourable Look on what I now humbly offer You, I shall be sufficiently defended from the Attacks of those who have a Disposition only for finding of Faults. I have nothing to introduce me to You but the common Licence of Poets, and the general Fame of Your Goodness and Humanity. Cherish, then, Sir, the Infant Muse, and permit me to declare my self, with all possible Respect,*

SIR,

Your most obedient,

most devoted, and

most humble Servant,

*James Ralph.*



THE  
TEMPEST:  
OR, THE  
*Terrors of Death.*

WHEN blooming Youth, and rosy Health,  
[combine  
To flatter Mortals with an Age of Joy,  
Long, long secure, from *Death's* unwelcome Doom;  
Superbly sailing down the sanguine Stream,  
We float on Reas'nings vain, till Time revolves  
The fatal Period, which the firmest Soul  
Dis-mays; and gloom'd with formidable Pomp

B

Be-

Before unknown, melts the fond Reas'ners Hopes,  
 Or with a sad Reverse, to Horror turns,  
 To Horror, such as *Death* alone can cause,  
 And renders all his philosophick Courage vain.

*Lycus* this Truth by sad Experience learn'd,  
 Who, fond of novel Scenes, and tir'd of all  
 The gay Amusements that bewitch the World,  
 O'er the huge Ocean foreign Lands explor'd,  
 And new discover'd Climes, full many a League  
 From *Albion's* Cliffs, surrounded by the Waves:  
 There spent his melancholy Hours beneath  
 A silent Shade ; There, (as the falling Streams  
 Descended gently from the neighb'ring Hills,  
 And in remoter Murmurs dy'd away,)  
 Sweet Contemplation waited in the Gloom,  
 And gave a solemn Pleasure to his Soul.

Thus Years were wasted, while with fruitless Toil,  
 He vainly strove to calm his *Fears of Death*,

And

And unconcern'd, behold his dread Approach ;  
 Howe'er begirt with all his *Terrors* round :  
 For this, with each returning Dawn, he sung  
 His boasted Precepts ; and the vocal Rocks,  
 Vers'd in the Song, again return'd the Sound.

O wretched Mortals, blinded by your Fears,  
 Who fadly wail the Miseries of Life ;  
 Yet shrink with Horror, from the offer'd Cure !  
 And rather choose to bear th' enormous Weight  
 Of pond'rous Evils, which depress the Soul  
 Through ev'ry Stage of your unhappy Lives !

When first the *Infant* breathes the vital Air,  
 Sicknefs, and Pain, are moulded with his Form ;  
 And accidental Woes, unnumbered watch  
 His thoughtless Hours ; Perhaps, paternal Vice  
 Spreads a Contagion, through his tainted Blood,  
 And deeply tortures with incessant Pangs :  
 Born to the Sorrows of a needy Race,

He wastes in Want his despicable Days,  
 Or by short Splendor flatter'd in his Pride,  
 He pensive mourns an Age of Woes away,  
 Doubly imbitter'd by the fatal Change ;  
 But should exhaustless Heaps of shining Wealth  
 Show'r in Profusion all that Gold can give :  
 And Honours great, as Demi-Gods receiv'd,  
 Float their frail Bubbles, on a boundless Tide ;  
 Would Riches cool the burning Feavers Rage ?  
 Or Titles mitigate the Cholick Pangs ?  
 Alas ! in vain the gilded Toys are found,  
 And dire Diseases triumph over both.

Nor less the *common Accidents* of Life,  
 Remorseless, humble Earth's sublimest Sons ;  
 Grown old in Cares, and worn with Dangers grey,  
 A while, the *Merchant* glories in his Gain,  
 And loses in Oblivion all his Fears  
 Of wintry Tempests, and destructive Sands ;

But

But while his Soul's dissolv'd in midnight Sleep,  
 Lo! round his Wealth, the ruddy Flames arise,  
 And, with a dreadful Splendor, gild the Brow of  
 Then pale with Horror! and with Eyes aghast! <sup>[Night;</sup>  
 He views the Fruit of many a toilsome Year,  
 In one malignant Hour, to Ashes turn'd.

Long the fond *Lovers* burn with secret Fires,  
 E'er *Hymen* deigns to wave the bridal Torch;  
 Yet, when the happy Hour at length arrives,  
 And both their Souls with mutual Raptures warm;  
 Some dire Reverse of Fate destroys their Hopes,  
 And to the Grave they mourn the fatal Cause;  
 Or should they join in matrimonial Bands,  
 With all the Ardor of a matchless Love;  
 Perhaps the nuptial Rites unclothe their Eyes,  
 To view the Faults, in Passion veil'd before:  
 Whence long domestick Broils, and ceaseless Jar,  
 Cloud all their Days with an eternal Woe.

Scarce the *young Mother* strains her new born Babe,  
 In the warm Transport of a first Embrace,  
 E'er merc'less *Death* arrests the flatt'ring Joy,  
 And in her Arms crops off the infant Life.

Heated with Wine, the *dearest Friends* engage  
 In mortal Fight, and on th' indignant Blade  
 The Life Blood stream, struck with the frantick Deed  
 The sad Survivor sorrows to the Woods,  
 And in Despair, with deepest Horror, dies.

Safe from the Dangers of the bloody Field,  
 Where Armies rush on the destructive Sword,  
 And, crown'd with Lawrels, for his mighty Deeds,  
 The *Warrior* glories in the Breath of Fame:  
 When Fortune frowns on his succeeding Days,  
 And blasts his Honours, in their opening Bloom.

The *Prince*, who long had flourish'd on the Throne  
 And sway'd whole Nations with his single Nod,  
 Wanders an Exile, strip'd of all the Pomp,

That waits on Crowns, and aggrandizes Courts,  
 And on a foreign Shore, inglorious falls  
 By an Assassin's Hand ; His cold Remains,  
 Unburied, gorge the rav'nous Birds of Prey.

Griev'd with his private Wrongs, the *Patriot* weeps,  
 And feels his Heart-strings burst with matchless Pain,  
 When Tyrants plunder his dear native Land,  
 And load with galling Chains her suff'ring Tribes.

In vain *Herculean Strength*, or *Beauties Bloom*,  
 Would hope to triumph o'er advancing Age ;  
*This* ebbs away like Dew Drops in the Sun,  
 And *That* consumes as *Flax* amid the Flames ;  
*Knowledge*, the Boast of the sagacious Head,  
 Sicknefs impairs, and Care of Life confines ;  
 A *fractur'd Scull* marrs every prudent Scheme,  
 Long labour'd in the anxious Statesman's Brain :  
 And turns to Phrenzy, all the Sages learn  
 In midnight Cells, or the perplexing World ;

Sup-

Suppose, that to the utmost Verge of Life,  
 With large Additions, 'tis preserv'd entire,  
 What on the Gift attends? But quicker Sense,  
 Of the long Woes, which in Succession rise:  
 And sad Remembrance, of the mournful Years,  
 In Sorrows wasted and consum'd in Care?  
 — But *all* the *Pleasures* human Life can boast,  
 On airy Pinions, fly like Dreams away;  
 And while the Wretch of one Enjoyment vaunts,  
 A Thousand Tortures gripe his bleeding Heart;  
 Then, who would fear, That kind Physician *Death*,  
 Who cures immediate all our num'rous Pains,  
 And lays us gently in a downy Sleep,  
 Again to wake in everlasting Joys?

Beside, from the *first* Moment, we began  
 Our toilsome Journey, through the hostile World;  
 Beneath *his* Pow'r, his lawless Pow'r we liv'd,  
 And never knew how soon his fatal Dart,

Would

Would strike us sudden to the silent Grave ;  
 The Fall of Thousands of unequal Years,  
 Levell'd alike by his resistless Arm,  
 In secret warn'd us of our own Decay ;  
 And in the solemn Sound of ev'ry Knell,  
 The dullest Soul's admonish'd of his End.

Again, as Life is likened to a *Storm*,  
 Whose *cloudy Terrors* gloom the live long Day,  
 Sure, He's the Happiest, whom the Breath of Fate,  
 Blasts in the earliest Bloom of budding Youth :  
 For he who spreads his with'ring Leaves abroad,  
 Till wintry Time silvers his drooping Head,  
 With falling Snows, and chills with hoary Frosts;  
 Lamenting suffers with redoubled Pangs,  
 And pants beneath an heavier Load of Guilt ;  
 So future Vengeance kindles for his Doom,  
 With double Rage, proportion'd to his Crimes.  
 Mean while, within, upbraiding *Conscience* wakes,

And rouzes in his Soul the dreadful Thought  
 Of Vices unaton'd, and Punishments to come ;  
 Nor wakes alone, when Day-light gilds the Skies ,  
 But when in Darknefs half the Globe's involv'd,  
 And fable Midnight spreads an Horror round,  
 It stings afresh with an augmented Smart,  
 Nor Sleep, That soft Reliever of our Cares !  
 Can calm his Fears, or pacify his Soul ;  
 In Dreams, it haunts with visionary Sights  
 Of an indignant Judge, and yawning Hell,  
 Where plaintive Ghosts yell in his frighted Ears,  
 And with ten Thousand Terrors, thro' the Gloom,  
 Black Furies ride, and Chains and Groans resound :  
 So, starting up, he wakes in deep Despair,  
 And vainly wishes his Existence lost ;  
 While Sweat, from ev'ry Pore, like Morning Dew,  
 Dropping, distils a-down his trembling Limbs,  
 And stony Horrors stiffens in his Eyes.

Thus, *he* whom black reiterated Crimes  
 Distract, beneath the Maladies of Age,  
 In Anguish struggles on the Verge of Life ;  
 But even, *who* excell'd in *virtuous Deeds*,  
 And ever list'ned to *Religions* Lore,  
 By length of Years grown weary of the World,  
 And worn with Sicknefs, or distress'd with Pain,  
 The silent Hours in sad Reflection spends,  
 Far, far remote from ev'ry social Blifs ;  
 Till *Death*, when long implor'd, at last arrives,  
 And ends at once his Evils and his Days.

Since then no State, nor Stage of human Life,  
 Is free from Sorrows, or secure from Care ;  
 Since Pains redouble as our Years increase ;  
 And *Death*, however slow, will surely come,  
 Why thoughtless Mortals ? Why should you repine ?  
 When all your Woes his icy Hand concludes,  
 And softly sinks you to the peaceful Grave,

There your Remains in downy Slumbers rest,  
 The Cares, and Troubles of the World, unknown;  
 There dark Oblivion hovers o'er the Urns,  
 And with her fable Veil involves the Dead,  
 While fierce Commotions shake the Kingdoms round,  
 And haughty Monarchs tremble on the Throne.

But *Death*, That kind Conclusion of our Ills,  
 And friendly Guide to our eternal Good,  
 Is imag'd, as the *Bane* of human Kind,  
 And what with Horror ev'ry Mortal shuns;  
 This is the Cause, why *Heroes* start at *Death*,  
 And all our Courage dies in Fear away,  
 When we behold the last retreating Sand  
 In haste to mingle with the fallen Heap.  
 With longing Eyes we take our last Adieu  
 Of all the Joys familiar to our Souls,  
 In vain imploring still a longer Date,  
 And dread to launch into th' eternal World,

On whose high Verge we then despairing stand,  
 Till *Death* indulgent waft us easy down,  
 To end our Terrors, in the unknown Wave.

So when chill Agues shake the lazy Limbs,  
 And freeze through ev'ry Vein the jelly'd Blood;  
 To the cold Torrent we reluctant move,  
 And eye with Horror the tempestuous Stream,  
 Where, shiv'ring, long we hover on the Brink,  
 Till forc'd to leave the warmer Air, at last  
 We plunge beneath, and feel our Pains no more.

Descend, some pitying *Angel*, and a while  
 Deign to forsake thy heav'nly Seats of Bliss,  
 Descend, to learn frail human Kind, that *Death*,  
 Though rob'd in Terrors, is a latent *Good*;  
 In vain, the *Muse* would publish to the World,  
 That Pleasure lurks beneath his darkest Frowns,  
 And Sun-shine brightens as the Clouds decay;  
 Or that the melancholy Pomp, which waits

The

The breathless Corpse to its eternal Home,  
 Is all that glooms his dreaded Front:  
 Whence Mortals fancy he exulting reigns,  
 High, o'er the darksome Grave, and claps his Wings,  
 When dire Destruction sweeps whole Armies down,  
 Then loudly thunder to the World this Truth,  
 Since nought but *Thunder*, with an *Angel's* Voice,  
 Can e'er the rooted Prejudice remove.

'Tis true, reflecting on a future World,  
 And fiery Vengeance ever burning there,  
 Justly, the *Sinner* dreads approaching *Death*,  
 Whose awful Stroke precipitates him down,  
 Ingulph'd for ever with the sulph'rous Waves;  
 Tremendous Thought! Till Mercy from on High,  
 Op'd wide the Gates of Heav'n, and friendly fav'd  
 The Wretch, despairing, from the Jaws of Hell;  
 Turn, Sinner turn, she cry'd, and see from far,  
 Th' Almighty Father reconcil'd again,

See where, thy *Saviour* crown'd with Glory stands,  
 And earnest pleads, in all the Strains of Love,  
 The Merits of his Death! Vengeance no more  
 Is threatned on the World, but endless Joys  
 Prepare their Circles, on the Wings of Time,  
 To bless Mankind, and banish all their Woes.  
 Then, wing'd with Faith, address thy Pray'rs to Heav'n,  
 Where J E S U S waits to waft 'em to the Throne,  
 And Smiles indulgent on thy gloomy Soul;  
 So, dread the *Grave* and *Hell*'s dire Pangs no more;  
 Since He, thy Saviour, triumph'd over both,  
 And now, in Bliss, victorious reigns above.

Thus to desponding Souls a Comfort springs,  
 Sufficient, to support 'em in the Pains of Death,  
 And calm their Fears of everlasting Flames.

But haply, some, fond of a *New* Belief,  
 Distrust the Notion of a future State,  
 And tremble to resign their Pleasures here,

Or

Or sleep for ever in Oblivion's Arms;  
 Let *such* reflect, that all our Joys below,  
 Bear no Proportion to the Clouds of Woes,  
 That gloom the melancholy Hours of Life,  
 So (should the thinking Pow'r no more exist,  
 And sense of Pain, and Pleasure be forgot)  
 That calm unactive State's to be preferr'd  
 To Being, sadden'd with incessant Griefs.

Yet, since the great *Redeemer* of the World  
 Writ, with his vital Blood, th' eternal Truth,  
 And that All-pow'rful *God* who form'd the Earth,  
 And stretch'd the Heav'ns along the trackless Void;  
 Since He endow'd the Soul with all her Gifts,  
 And taught her all she knows, and doubtless can  
 Through boundless Ages her Existence hold;  
 I own, with Joy, the Precept for divine,  
 Nor dare to question what the Godhead taught.  
 So, studious to deserve the great Reward,

Prepar'd for such who live to Virtue's Laws,  
 I, unconcern'd, shall pass my Hours away,  
 And yield undaunted to the Pow'r of Death;  
 Secure, (If no *immortal State*, should give  
 A Rest of Joy, for all our Cares below,)  
 That no intruding *Pain* shall e'er disturb  
 The deathful Slumber of unthinking Dust.

Thus sung the *Youth*, ambitious to be thought,  
 Above the *Terrors* which perplex Mankind,  
 When their last Moments flutter to be gone;  
 But ah! How vain his *boasted Reasonings* prov'd!  
 Delusive Dreams of Courage never try'd!  
 For then by Distance sweetned to the View,  
*Death* look'd an *Angel*, dress'd in heav'nly Smiles,  
 While joyous Health, and undeclining Youth,  
 Allay'd his Horrors, and with Roses strew'd  
 The easy Path. Again, Experience learns  
 That *Sorrows* root the deepest in the Soul;

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While on the Surface *Pleasures* only grow,  
 So, *Those* remain, when *These* are long forgot,  
 And leave a sad Remembrance of our former Lives.

As, when the Storm that blacken'd in the Skies,  
 And scowl'd tremendous o'er the darken'd World,  
 Has spent its Rage, we trembling recollect  
 Its dire Descent, and all the Wreck it made,  
 When Thunders bellow thro' the Air no more,  
 And golden Clouds adorn th' ætherial Blue ;  
 While swift-wing'd Time revolves a Thousand Days,  
 All bright, and gladsome, as the Days of Heav'n,  
 Which unremembred swiftly roll away.

—— So Mortals shudder at their past Distress,  
 And in Oblivion bury all their Joys :  
 So *Lycus* fancy'd that perpetual Woes  
 Shed down their Bane on ev'ry Scene of Life ;  
 And still erroneous, in the silent Shade,  
 While his dear Solitude was yet indulg'd,

And

And *Death* remotely threatned from afar,  
He vainly studied with fallacious Hopes,  
To dare his mortal Stroak, and scorn the greedy Grave.

At length, grown weary of the *pensive* Life,  
And, longing to review his *native* Shore,  
Again he ventur'd o'er the flatt'ring Seas,  
Expecting Fate would smoothe their swelling Waves,  
And safely waft him with auspicious Gales ;  
A while kind *Zephir* wav'd his filken Wings,  
And barely whiten'd o'er the foaming Surge ;  
But tir'd, at last recall'd his feeble Aid,  
And murmur'd to his Cave : When from the Skies  
The *Sun*, descending in a purple Cloud,  
Withdrew his golden Rays ; so *Night* came on,  
And with her sable Gloom darken'd the Heav'ns,  
And hung in Shades around : Till, from the East,  
The waning *Moon* rose with diminish'd Light,  
And faintly silver'd o'er the drowsy Main.

Then, solemn *Silence* shed her peaceful Down,  
 And through the dreary Night ascending soft,  
 Breath'd a still Sadness o'er the awful Scene,  
 And lull'd the boist'rous Winds, and roaring Waves;  
 The Waves obedient hush'd their feeble Roar,  
 And the Winds slumber'd on the Ocean's Brim,  
 Pois'd in the Air the Clouds suspended hung,  
 And a dead Calm was o'er the Surface spread;  
 Till the *late Hour*, when careful *Seamen* rise  
 To watch the Station of the *Midnight Bear*,  
 And wait the Signals of ensuing Gales.

Then, huge, black Clouds, uniting all their Gloom,  
 Rose on a *Tempest's* Wings, and hov'ring round,  
 Muffled the Stars, and veil'd the friendly Moon  
 In dark Eclipse, bereav'd of all her Rays;  
 Down rush'd the *Winds* impetuous on the Deep,  
 And rous'd in all their Wrath th' indignant Waves,  
 Which rolling high, vast as the hoary *Alps*,

Or *Taurus*, whiten'd with eternal Snows,  
 Enormous swell'd ; and, with a deaf'ning Roar,  
 Alternate thundred to the distant Skies,  
 As down they sunk beneath each others Weight ;  
 Nor less their Fall, than, (wasted by the Fires,  
 For Ages burning in its sulph'rous Womb)  
 If *Ætna* tumbled from its cloudy Height,  
 And in Confusion levell'd all below :  
 Nor rag'd and roar'd alone, but sparkling dire  
 Gleam'd a pale Splendor thro' the darksome Night,  
 And cover'd all the Deep with fiery Foam :  
 The *guilty Wretch*, with Horror shud'ring, views  
 'The dreadful Scene, and thinks the *Stygian Lakes*  
 So stream, thro' thickest Gloom, their baleful Rays,  
 And so, inflam'd, their sulph'rous Billows roll.

Mean Time, amaz'd ! the frightened *Seamen* hast  
 To furl the flutt'ring Sails, while rent away  
 Some drive uproll'd before the furious Gale,

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As rushing on, it whistles round the Masts,  
 And roars tremendous ! thro' the broken Shrouds,  
 Loos'd from his Hold, by the resistless Blast,  
 The giddy *Sailor* tumbles from on High,  
 And sinks amaz'd in the tempestuous Main,  
 Or by the Billows, hurry'd from the Deck,  
 Drinks down his *Fate* in the unfavory Draught,  
 And joys his Children and his Spouse no more.

Aftern, the *Pilot*, with experienc'd Eye,  
 Observes the Compass as the *Tempest* veers,  
 And with tenacious Hand the Rudder holds,  
 Though often delug'd by th' unruly Waves ;  
 Which, now, uplifted with redoubled Strength,  
 Assault the suff'ring Bark. Her batter'd Sides resound,  
 And ev'ry Timber starts beneath the Blow ;  
 In vain the *Master* shouts his Orders loud,  
 Lost in the Storm, his Orders none attend ;  
 Yet, anxious for Themselves, they run, they fly,

Where

Where Danger calls, and eagerly exert  
 Their utmost Strength, and Skill, against the *Tempest's*  
 While Noisy, as the Seas, incessant Oaths, [Rage :  
 And Imprecations dire, are mingled with the Wind.

At length, when all's perform'd, prone on the Deck,  
 With fainting Hearts they sink, and trembling wait  
 The dread Event, while Waves succeeding Waves  
 Burst from on High on their devoted Heads,  
 And cover all beneath their briny Foam.

The Ocean Vapours, kindled by the Storm,  
 A moving *Terror*! glide on ev'ry Plank,  
 And daunt with *fatal Omens* ev'ry Soul;  
 Down thro' the rifted Clouds, from East to West,  
 Blue *Lightnings* flash their Horrors on the Deep,  
 And frequent *Thunders*, bell'wing all around,  
 Continual Ecchoe thro' the frightened Void.  
 So dire *Confusion*, riding on the *Storm*,  
 With double Fury rav'd along the Skie,

And

And shook her *Terrors* in th' outrageous Din  
 Of *Thunders*, *Winds*, and *Seas*, in one huge *Uproar*  
 Nay, should the *Whirl* of this revolving Globe,  
 Be stop'd at once by some superior Pow'r ;  
 Scarce would the Noises ring a louder Peal,  
 Or more Commotions on the *Wreck* attend,  
 Tho' from the Surface ev'ry Mountain torn,  
 And ruin'd Cities, with their busy Crouds,  
 Were scatter'd sudden thro' the fractur'd Air.

Then *Lycus* found the *Fears of Death* prevail,  
 And vain the *Precepts* he had long espous'd ;  
 Mute Horror fate on ev'ry Brow forlorn,  
 And dire Despair attended ev'ry Look,  
 And sadden'd all around ; no *Noise* was heard,  
 But struck a *Terror* to the inmost Soul,  
 And ev'ry *Billow* threatned instant *Death* ;  
 Then whisper'd *Pray'rs* were mutter'd to the Skies,

That *He*, whose Nod, controuls the *Winds* and *Waves*,  
Would stop the Progress of approaching Fate.

Now close aboard the *fatal Rocks* are seen,  
Emerging black, above the whirling Deep !  
On which the *Billows*, with incessant Roar,  
Outragious beat, and foam the Ocean round  
For many a League, there dire Destruction dwells,  
And heightens all the *Horrors* of the *Wreck*,  
There howls for Slaughter to the Waves and Winds,  
And whitens o'er the Beach with human Bones,  
The Spoils of *Death* ! With loud Laments they view  
The horrid Shore, and frantick beat their Breasts  
In the mad Transports of excessive Fear ;  
While fore distress'd, and foundring in the Waves,  
The leaky Vessel thro' the *Tempest* drives  
On certain Ruin, with an Arrow's Speed,  
Her *Masts* disabled, and her *Rudder* broke ;  
In vain they labour to avert their Fate,

That

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And

And view the Skies with superstitious Gaze ;  
 In vain they tremble on the Brink of *Death*,  
 And make to Heav'n reiterated Vows,  
 If *safe* they breathe their *native* Air again ;  
 For, hurried on by the resistless *Winds*,  
 The *Bark* strikes, furious, on the lurking *Rocks*,  
 And bulging sinks ingulph'd amid the *Waves* ;  
 While with a gen'ral Groan the hapless *Crew*,  
 Eccho their Sorrows to the dreadful Shock :  
 And o'er the baleful *Wreck* huge *Billocks* roll,  
 And muster all their Rage ; so deep immers'd  
 Beneath the watry Mountains, they resign  
 Their Souls to *Death*, and, broken by the Surge  
 The shatter'd Fragments of the *Vessel* float  
 With lifeless Bodies, mingled in the boiling Foam  
 So when, with *subterranean Vapours* heav'd,  
 A *City* totters on her crumbling Base,  
 The frighted Tribes aghast ! with lifted Hands,

To the far Heav'ns bewail their sudden Woes;  
 While, with an hideous Crash, the Buildings fall,  
 And huge Destruction ruins all around.

Thus *Lycus* learn'd how *terrible* is *Death*,  
 And, e'er the Surges rav'd around his Head,  
 All pale with Horror, shudder'd at his *Fate*;  
 Despairing Life, he yet implor'd to live,  
 And mourn'd his Years so soon revolv'd away  
 Midst all the *Terrors* of the roaring Deep,  
 Till the sad Soul could fear grim *Death* no more,  
 And thro' the *Storm* ascended from the *Waves*.

F I N I S.



To the far Heav'ns bow'd all their Golden Wings,  
 While, with an hideous Crawl, the Building-fall,  
 And huge Destruction runs all around.  
 Thus Yeats learn'd how to die is Death;  
 And, over the 2. segment, round his Head,  
 All pale with Horror, flung at his Feet;  
 Despairing I, he yet would live,  
 And moun'd his Youth to soon revolv'd away  
 Milt all the 2. segment, round his Head,  
 Till the last soul could give him Death no more,  
 And thro' the 2. segment, round his Head,



F I W I S



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